THE

CHILDREN's FRIEND;

CONSISTING OF

APT TALES, SHORT DIALOGUES,

AND MORAL DRAMAS;

ALL INTENDED

To engage ATTENTION, cherish FEELING,

and inculcate VIRTUE, in

THE RISING GENERATION.

TRANSLATED BY

The Rev. MARK ANTHONY MEILAN,

From the FRENCH of M. BERQUIN.

VOL. IX.

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* *This Volume is a tranſlation of the Twelfth in the original.*

A COMPETENCE IS BEST.

MR. Draper had receiv'd no very great inheritance from fortune and his parents, but was not without the happy ſecret of conforming his deſires to what he had; and notwithſtanding he was frequently oblig'd to go without a number of conveniences and comforts others could command by

means of their abundance, never did one envious thought disturb his equability of temper. He had never suffer'd more than one affliction of considerable magnitude, arising from his want of this life's comforts, and that one was in the loss of an affectionate and virtuous woman, torn from his embraces by the hand of death. A charming little fellow, Leonard Draper, was the only child remaining to console him; and the education of this charming little fellow, was the single object of his study and attention.

Leonard was endued by nature with a very strong imagination; and by this, his father had found out the happy secret of improving, at a very early time of life, his reason; namely,

by exhibiting, before him every object in its real point of view, of which he had before-hand only given him an idea. By a series of strong images, arranged in order, and selected in a proper moment to produce their full effect, he had enabled him already to make many accurate and deep reflections.

Satisfied with his condition, this good father wish'd particularly to inculcate in his son those principles to which he ow'd himself the calm of his condition, and the peace within his mind. Yes, often would he whisper to himself, if I can but accustom him to live contented with his humble fortune, and point out what folly there

would be in putting any value upon what he must not hope to get, I shall have more contributed to make his manhood happy, than by leaving him a heap of gold and silver.

Occupied incessantly on this important lesson, he thought fit one evening to accompany his son to Vauxhall Gardens, for the first time in his life. Immediately on entering Leonard suddenly was struck with admiration and delight. The perfume of the flowers, the beauty of the paintings, the well-order'd disposition of the walks, the crowd of men and women who were in them elegantly dress'd, the incessant motion of the multitude, the hum of their discourse the noise of the cascade, all join'd

intereſt his contemplation; and his eye conſider'd at one view ten thouſand objects. His good father ſeeing him, if we may ſay ſo, ſwallowed up in thought, conducted him to that part of the gardens, which was more retir'd from public obſervation; that his ſenſes, which were too much occupied by ſuch a crowd of images, might be in ſome degree at reſt. Soon after, he propos'd indulging him with ſome refreſhment if he lik'd it.—Leonard gladly took his father's offer, and ſoon after, having ſatisfied his appetite and palate, ſpoke as follows:

How extremely happy every one here preſent ſeems! I ſhould like,

Papa, if we had ſuch a charming garden. Did you notice what a number of fine carriages were at the door? And all thoſe gentlefolks that paſs us, how well dreſs'd they are! I ſhould be glad to know why we muſt live ſo ſavingly, when others in the world indulge themſelves with every thing they have a mind to. I begin, Papa, believe me, now to ſee how poor you are. But why then are ſo many round us rich? They are not bettter people ſure than you, Papa.

You ſpeak exactly like a child, replied the father. *You begin to ſee how poor I am?* For my part, I can tell you I'm quite rich.

LEONARD.

And where then are your riches?

Mr. DRAPER.

I've a garden bigger far than this.

LEONARD.

A garden? you, Papa! I ſhould be glad to ſee it.

Mr. DRAPER.

When we go into the country, you ſhall ſee it.

They went very ſoon, it being now the ſeaſon for its pleaſures: and the very day of their arrival at the country houſe, not far from London, Mr. Draper took his ſon and led him up a hill, from whence the eye commanded an extenſive proſpect. On the right, was ſeen a ſpacious foreſt, whoſe extremities ſeem'd loſt at the horizon.

On the left, appeared a beauteous mixture of fine gardens, verdant meadows, and vaſt fields quite cover'd with the promiſe of a plenteous harveſt. Cloſe below the hill, was ſtretch'd a valley water'd in its whole extenſion with a thouſand little rills; and all this landſcape was in motion. There were fiſhermen in one part, buſy with their nets; and huſbandmen, that in another were employed in gathering fruits and herbs, and ſportſmen with their clamorous greyhounds, urging the ſwift ſtag, and ſhepherds watching by their flock, or playing near by them in the ſhade; and reapers carting their laſt ſheaves, and dancing all the way before them while proceeding homeward. This delightful picture

captivated Mr. Draper and his ſon, who for a time kept ſilence, till the child began the following converſation:

When Papa then, ſhall we reach your garden?

Mr. DRAPER.

We are at it now, my child.

LEONARD.

But this is not a garden: 'tis a hill.

Mr. DRAPER.

Look round as far as you can ſee; for this I tell you is my garden. Yonder foreſt, and theſe fields are all my property.

LEONARD.

Your property, Papa? You're joking!

Mr. DRAPER.

No, indeed, I am not. I'll convince you in an inſtant, I diſpoſe of every thing all round us as the owner of it only can do.

LEONARD.

'Twill delight me to be ſure of that.

Mr. DRAPER.

If you had all this country, what would you do with it?

LEONARD.

What they do, who are poſſeſs'd of an eſtate which is their own.

Mr. DRAPER.

But what may that be?

LEONARD.

In the firſt place then, I would cut down a deal of timber, and make fire-

wood of it to be us'd this winter. In the next place, I would go a hunting to catch veniſon. I would likewiſe ſometimes fiſh, breed ſheep, and oxen, and in harveſt, gather in the corn that covers this fine country.

Mr. DRAPER.

Why, you comprehend the matter admirably, Leonard: and I'm glad to find our notions are ſo like each other's. Well, whatever you would do then, I already do; and I'll convince you of it.

LEONARD.

How, Papa?

Mr. DRAPER.

I ſay then in the firſt place, I have men who cut down for me in this

foreſt all the wood I have occaſion for.

LEONARD.

And yet, I never heard you order them to cut down any for you!

Mr. DRAPER.

And why not? becauſe they have the fore-thought to prevent me. We have always a good fire below, and ſometimes too up ſtairs. Well then, I have the wood brought to me from this foreſt to keep up thoſe fires: for here you know, we can't get coals to burn as if we were in London.

LEONARD.

You may have indeed the wood brought to you from this foreſt; but muſt pay for what you have.

Mr. DRAPER.

If I were he you look on as the real owner of this foreſt, ſhould I not be forc'd to pay for what I might have brought me from it, as I am at preſent?

LEONARD.

No indeed, Papa. It would be cut down for you, and ſent in without a penny coſt on your part.

Mr. DRAPER.

You believe ſo, do you? On the other hand, I think the coſt might be a great deal more in that caſe than at preſent; for you'll grant, if I poſſeſs'd the foreſt, I muſt keep at leaſt a woodman to cut down the trees for fire wood.

LEONARD.

Well; paſs over this: but can you go a hunting?

Mr. DRAPER.

And why, Leonard, ſhould I hunt?

LEONARD.

To have for inſtance veniſon.

Mr. DRAPER.

Could we two then eat a buck or doe ourſelves entirely?

LEONARD.

We ſhould have a charming appetite to do ſo!

Mr. DRAPER.

Well then, as I cannot go a hunting, I ſend huntſmen in my place; and very probably, the veniſon you have ſeen hang up at Charing-croſs,

where lately you remember you went with me to buy ſome, was hunted in this very foreſt. I can therefore, without hunting veniſon, have as much as I think proper.

LEONARD.

For your money!

Mr. DRAPER.

Well; and is it not a charming thing for me that I can come at veniſon on theſe terms? for I've no wages I need pay to thoſe that hunt it for me; or provided they ſhould ſhoot it, I've in that caſe neither gun, nor ball, nor powder to ſupply them with: thoſe various kinds of dogs our Squire maintains, thank Heaven! they eat up nothing that belongs to me.

LEONARD.

Are thoſe cows too, and ſheep that graze in yonder meadow, yours?

Mr. DRAPER.

Yes truly. Have not you freſh butter every day? 'Tis from thoſe cows I get it.

LEONARD.

But, Papa, if all theſe flocks and all thoſe little rivers too are your why have not we at dinner every da all ſorts of meat and fiſh, as othe rich folks, I am told of?

Mr. DRAPER.

Do they eat up every thing the ſervants ſet before them?

LEONARD.

No: but they may chuſe at tab any thing they like.

Mr. DRAPER.

And as for me, I make my choice before my victuals come to table. Every thing I want, I have. Superfluous things 'tis true I'm not poſſeſs'd of: but what benefit would they procure me, if I had them? I ſhould want, in that caſe, a ſuperfluous ſtomach alſo.

LEONARD.

Wealthy people make good cheer; but you, Papa, I fancy don't.

Mr. DRAPER.

Indeed I do, and better than the wealthy, Leonard. I've a ſauce that almoſt always fails them; namely a good appetite.

LEONARD.

And have you then a deal of money,

as they have, to ſatisfy a thouſand wiſhes?

Mr. DRAPER.

Much more money; or at leaſt what's better, I've no wiſhes.

LEONARD.

There's however, I believe, a de of pleaſure in contenting them.

Mr. DRAPER.

A hundred times more pleaſur child, in being of one's ſelf conten as I am.

LEONARD.

But does not God, pray, love t rich a great deal more than you, ſi he beſtows upon them ſo much g and ſilver?

Mr. DRAPER.

Leonard, don't you recollect t

ine we had laſt Wedneſday on the
ble, when your uncle came to dine
d ſup with us, and which you ſaid
s ſo delicious ?

LEONARD.

Yes, Papa, you were ſo good, I well
member, as to give me half a glaſs-
l of it.

Mr. DRAPER.

But you wanted more. I might
e let you had it, ſince you know
bottle had a deal left in it, even
r ſupper : why then did I not
ge you, pray ?

LEONARD.

ecauſe you were afraid, 'twould
e me ill.

Mr. DRAPER.

I recollect I told you ſo: and don't you fancy I did right?

LEONARD.

O, as for that, you did indeed; I know you love me, and are always ſtudying how to make me happy. So you would not have refus'd me ſuch a trifle as a glaſs of wine, if you had thought it would have pleas'd me, and not hurt my health.

Mr. DRAPER.

And can you think, God loves you leſs than I do?

LEONARD.

No, Papa, I cannot; after what I've heard you ſay ſo often of his goodneſs.

Mr. DRAPER.

On the other hand, do you believe

he would have found it difficult to give you gold and ſilver in abundance?

LEONARD.

No more difficult than I ſhould find it, to give any one a handful of the duſt we tread on.

Mr. DRAPER.

Well then, if, as you acknowledge, he is able to beſtow theſe on you, and does not beſtow them, even tho' he loves you, what are you to think of his refuſal?

LEONARD.

That the riches I deſire he'd give me, would be hurtful.

Mr. DRAPER.

Are you perfectly convinc'd of this?

LEONARD.

Yes, perfectly, and have not got a word to ſay againſt it. Yet, Papa—

Mr. DRAPER.

Well; why thus ſhake your head? You've ſtill ſome burthen on your heart: what is it?

LEONARD.

Notwithſtanding all your reaſonings, I can never bring myſelf to fancy all this county your's.

Mr. DRAPER,

And why?

LEONARD.

Becauſe you can't enjoy it as you pleaſe.

Mr. DRAPER.

You know the famous Mr Norton

LEO-

LEONARD.

Do I know him? Why that's he who has ſuch charming gardens.

Mr. DRAPER.

And can he enjoy thoſe gardens, as he pleaſes?

LEONARD.

No indeed; poor man! he dares not even eat a bunch of grapes!

Mr. DRAPER.

And yet, you've ſeen ſome very fine ones in his garden?

LEONARD.

That I have: but they would do him harm.

Mr. DRAPER.

You ſee then, one may eaſily poſſeſs a number of good things, and

yet not dare to uſe them as one likes. I dare not uſe my gardens as I certainly ſhould like, becauſe my fortune will not let me: and this Mr. Norton dares not uſe his garden as he likes, becauſe his health will not allow him. So that I am much the happieſt.

LEONARD.

But, Papa; you love to ride horſe-back—don't you?

Mr. DRAPER.

Yes; for 'tis an exerciſe that does me good, when I have time to take it.

LEONARD.

Well then; if theſe meadows are all your's, why don't you take the hay that grows upon them, and in future keep a horſe?

Mr. DRAPER.

Why, that's the very thing I do. And thoſe ſame hay-cocks you ſee there, are poſſibly intended for the horſe I ride.

LEONARD.

And yet I never ſaw one in your ſtable?

Mr. DRAPER.

Heaven be prais'd, I'm not at ſuch a great expence.

LEONARD.

Nor do you ride as frequently as you would like?

Mr. DRAPER.

You're wrong: for I'm ſo prudent, that I never wiſh to ride but when a ride would do me good, and then I

get it for about three ſhillings. God be prais'd! I'm rich enough to pay that ſum.

LEONARD.

Don't you imagine 'twould be very charming to have two fine pyebald horſes, and be drawn about the country in a faſhionable coach?

Mr. DRAPER.

Agreeable enough: but when I think of all the inconvenience that attends a coach; how often one would want the harneſs-maker, ſmith and wheelwright; how much one depends upon the health of horſes, and the conduct of a coach-man; and what riſque one runs of being overſet, together with the fatal conſequence

luxury too frequently occaſions,— truly, Leonard, I don't grieve I am oblig'd to uſe my legs, that certainly will laſt me long enough. But ſee the ſun's now ſet, and we muſt think of getting home before the evening cloſes on us. Let me have your hand. Now, are you not quite pleas'd in having ſeen my great eſtate?

LEONARD.

Ah, dear Papa, I ſhould be much more ſo, could I but be perſuaded it were yours.

The father ſmil'd at this reply; and down the hill they walk'd together. As it happen'd, they went by a meadow, which at firſt they

thought had been a pond, becauſe 'twas covered quite with water. Bleſs me! cried out Mr. Draper, do you ſee this meadow how 'tis overflow'd? the neighbouring river muſt have burſt 'its bounds, and all the hay this year is ſpoil'd.

LEONARD.

I fancy he to whom the hay belong'd, will not be very happy, when they tell him of his loſs.

Mr. DRAPER.

No, no; nor yet is this the worſt: he will be forc'd to mend the banks, and very likely make another dam. Why, he'll be very happy, if he does not ſpend in theſe repairs the produce of ten harveſts he could make in ſuch a meadow.

LEONARD.

O, what a misfortune!

Mr. DRAPER.

But I thought there had been hereabouts a windmill.

LEONARD.

And there is, Papa: Look there before you.

Mr. DRAPER.

Right. I ſee it now: the reaſon is, I did not hear it going. I'd lay any wager that the torrent coming down has forc'd away the wheel work. Let's go ſee.—Juſt ſo.—'Tis broke to pieces.—What will the poor owner do? He muſt be very rich indeed to ſtand againſt ſo many loſſes!

LEONARD.

O, I pity him with all my heart! But ſince the day is over, why pray are the bricklayers ſtill at work?

Mr. DRAPER.

I can't tell why. We need but aſk the reaſon.—Pray friend, be ſo kind as to inform us why you work ſo late.

A BRICKLAYER.

We ſhall be here all night. For yeſterday, when it was dark, a gang of thieves pull'd down the wall, that they might get into the park, and ſteal away the furniture that had been put into a new built ſummer-houſe. The theft was not diſcovered till this morning; and indeed, 'tis very lucky no one caught them in the fact.

Mr. DRAPER.

How ſo?

The BRICKLAYER.

Becauſe the thieves had previouſly diſpos'd combuſtibles to ſet the ſummer-houſe on fire, if they had been diſturb'd in plundering: ſo that they might get away aſſiſted by the buſtle and confuſion ſuch deſtruction would have caus'd. The owner of this ground, as you may judge, is therefore very happy in his loſs; he might have ſeen his ſummer-houſe burnt down; whereas, the affair will coſt him now no more than ſome ſlight reparation to his wall, the expence of keeping up a watch all night, and buying other furniture in lieu of that

he had laid in, and which indeed had coſt him much.

Well, Leonard, now ſaid Mr. Draper to his ſon, when they had walk'd a little way in ſilence, what do you obſerve on theſe misfortunes? Don't they grieve you?

LEONARD.

Why ſhould I be ſorry? I have ſuffer'd nothing by them.

Mr. DRAPER.

But if this eſtate had been your property, as Mr. Norton's grounds are his; and if, when going out this morning, you had ſeen your meadow overflow'd, your wind-mill broke to pieces, your park wall demoliſh'd, and your ſummer-houſe broke open,

would you have gone home as ſatisfied as you appear to be at preſent?

LEONARD.

O, by no means ſo. I ſhould, upon the other hand, be miſerable, having undergone ſo many heavy loſſes in a day.

Mr. DRAPER.

But what, if you had every day ſuch loſſes to endure, or ſtand in fear of? Would you be as happy as at preſent?

LEONARD.

I ſhould be a thouſand times more miſerable.

Mr. DRAPER.

Well then, Leonard, ſuch is in reality the ſtate of all, poſſeſſing great

abundance. Without reckoning up the cares that agitate them, and the innumerable wants they fancy,—in the elevation of their fortune, lies too frequently the cauſe of its decay. A barren ſeaſon, or falſe ſtep in the purſuit of their rapacious projects, frequently ſuffices to produce their ruin. As they fear the loſs of their imaginary conſequence, ſhould they reſolve upon ſome ſacrifices to their luxury and pride; the more they undergo diſtreſſing loſſes, they ſuppoſe they ought the more to make a ſumptuous ſhow to keep up the appearance of their riches, and ſupport a credit that already totters to 'its fall. What then is the effect of ſuch a wretched ſort of vanity? their ſervants, cheat-

ed of that pay they ought to have, proceed to introduce a ſort of robbery thro' all the houſe. The improvement of their fortune, and the education of their children being overlook'd, their lands in ſome ſort as it were, lie fallow, or produce a blighted harveſt only, and their children, left to riot in the ways of wickedneſs, commit diſgraceful actions that are ſtiffled by the neceſſary aid of money. All their property when ſeiz'd on by inexorable creditors, is in the end compleatly diſſipated, or the law lays hold of what would otherwiſe be left them. And theſe favourites of fortune, once ſo proud of their abundance, elevated ſtation, and enjoyments, fall at once into the

gulf of indigence, opprobrium and deſpair.

LEONARD.

O, what a frightful picture, is not this, Papa?

Mr. DRAPER.

'Tis one, however daily to be gaz'd at in ſociety; and be aſſur'd, there is not one exaggerated feature in the whole deſign. I can at all times ſhow you in the public papers the decay of ſome great family or other: and theſe ſtriking inſtances, God's providence expoſes to the obſervation of the rich, that they may ſee what fortune is moſt likely to await their pride and folly. In the morning we will go and gaze on thoſe fine buildings that excite your envy

now, where you may read the ruin of too many families inſcribed on every pillar round about, till they are ſwallowed up themſelves in their own ruin. Why, alas, can I not ſpare your ſenſibility the cries of many deſolated families, that are but too evincing tokens of ſuch miſerable revolutions!

LEONARD.

What then, ſhould I look upon the mediocrity of our condition as a bleſſing meant us from above?

Mr. DRAPER.

Yes, yes; if you are only frugal and laborious, and poſſeſs ſufficient reſolution to renounce ambition and the immoderate wiſh of getting money, of confining your deſires, and keeping

them within the limits of that ſtate you fill. Do *I* want any thing to make me happy? and in reaſon would you wiſh in future to be happier than your father is? Conſider the whole univerſe as your eſtate ſince if you are but properly induſtrious, it will furniſh you a comfortable maintenance. God's providence has plac'd your earthly habitation half way up a hill, whoſe ſummit is extremely craggy, and its baſe choak'd up with ſwamps. Lift up your eye at intervals upon the rich and great, not with a view to envy them their ſituations, but to think upon the ſtorms that bellow round them. Sometimes too, look down upon the

poor beneath you, not by way of in-
ſult on their friendleſs ſituation, but
to hold them out your hand. If God
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children, let them often have the
leſſon I have juſt now taught you; but
more particularly, give them the
example in your life, God's bleſſing
has enabled me to furniſh you withal.
By this time, they were both got
home. The virtuous Mr. Draper went
up ſtairs into his chamber, and there
falling on his knees, gave thanks to
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poor beneath you, not by way of inſult on their friendleſs ſituation, but to hold them out your hand. If God ſhould bleſs you with a family of children, let them often have the leſſon I have juſt now taught you; but more particularly, give them the example in your life, God's bleſſing has enabled me to furniſh you withal.

By this time, they were both got home. The virtuous Mr. Draper went up ſtairs into his chamber, and there falling on his knees, gave thanks to God for all the bleſſings he had conſtantly receiv'd, and offer'd him the ſacrifice of his exiſtence, as the beſt return he had to make. What need had he of being any longer upon

earth? His days had been replete with probity and honour, and by giving ſuch a leſſon on Contentment to his ſon, he did whatever he was able, to endow him with a valuable patrimony, ſuch as no one could take from him.

THE BREAKFAST.

COME, come, ſaid a certain Mr. Bellamy to Albany his ſon, one beauteous ſummer morning, here's a baſket with ſome cake and currants in it. Let's be gone, that we may breakfaſt by the river's ſide.

With all my heart, Papa, ſaid Albany, and jump'd about for joy.

He took the baſket in one hand, and with the other in his father's, haſten'd towards the river. Having reached it, they walk'd on a little way, to chuſe a proper place; when Mr. Bellamy arriving at a very pleaſant ſpot, cried out, Let's ſtop here, Albany; for this methinks will yield us a delightful proſpect, while we ſit and eat.

ALBANY.

But how are we to eat without a table?

Mr. BELLAMY.

Fortunately, here's the trunk of an old tree would ſerve by way of table very well, if we had need of one; but you may eat your currants as they lie together in the baſket.

ALBANY.

So I can: but how ſhall we ſupply the want of chairs!

Mr. BELLAMY.

And do you reckon this ſoft graſs then nothing? See how thick 'tis ſet with flowers. We'll take our ſeat upon it: or perhaps you'd rather chuſe the carpet?

ALBANY.

Chuſe the carpet? Why you know, Papa, the carpet's faſt nail'd down upon the parlour floor.

Mr. BELLAMY.

'Tis true there is a carpet there: but ſtill there's one here alſo.

ALBANY.

I don't ſee it, if there is.

Mr. BELLAMY.

Why what's the graſs then, but a carpet for the fields? And what a charming one beſide! 'Tis of a freſher colour, and much downier too, than any one we have. How ſpacious too! it covers every hill, and all the level plain. The lambs repoſe upon it at their eaſe. Think Albany, what they would have to ſuffer, on a bare or ſtony piece of ground! their limbs are ſo extremely delicate, they could not but be very quickly injur'd. They have mothers, but thoſe mothers cannot make them up ſoft featherbeds. God therefore has provided for them better than the poor ſheep can, and made them this ſoft couch, where they

may roll about, or ſleep entirely at their eaſe.

ALBANY.

And then, Papa, there's one good thing beſides; that they may eat it, when they like.

Mr. BELLEMY.

O ho!-I underſtand your meaning. So here take your cake and currants.

ALBANY (*biting off a bit.*)

O! how good! There's nothing wanting but a ſtory, while I'm eating. Will you tell me one, Papa, the pretſieſt you may know?

Mr. BELLAMY.

With all my heart. Your cake

reminds me of a ſtory, I can tell, about three cakes.

ALBANY.

One, two, three cakes! O what a charming ſtory that muſt be! So quick, Papa, and tell it me.

Mr. BELLAMY.

Come firſt and ſit beſide me then. Be wholly at your eaſe, and then you'll hear the better.

ALBANY.

I'm quite ready; ſo begin, Papa.

THE

THREE CAKES.

Mr. BELLAMY.

THERE was a little boy, nam'd Paul, about your age. His parents had but lately fix'd him at a boarding ſchool. He was a ſpecial boy, for ever at his book, and happen'd once to get the higheſt place at exerciſes. His mama was told it. She could no how keep from dreaming of the pleaſure; and when morning came, ſhe got up early, ſent to ſpeak with cook, and ſaid as follows: Cook, you are to make a cake for Paul, who yeſ-

terday was very good at ſchool. With all my heart, replied the cook, and ſet immediately about it. 'Twas as big as—let me ſee,—as big as—as a hat when flapp'd. The cook had ſtuff'd it with nice almonds, large Piſtacchio nuts, and candied lemon-peel, and ic'd it over with a coat of ſugar: ſo that it was very ſmooth, and of a perfect white. The cake no ſooner was come home from baking, than the cook put on her things and carried it to ſchool. When Paul firſt ſaw it, he jump'd up and down like any merry Andrew. He was not ſo patient as to wait till they could let him have a knife, but fell upon it tooth and nail.—He ate and ate till ſchool began, and after ſchool was

over, ate again: At night too, 'twas the ſame till bed-time. Nay, a little fellow Paul had for a play-mate, told me that he put the cake upon his bolſter when he went to bed, and wak'd and wak'd a dozen times, that he might take a bit. I can't ſo eaſily believe this laſt particular; but then 'tis very true at leaſt, that on the morrow, when the day was hardly broke, he ſet about his fav'rite buſineſs once again, continuing at it all the morning, and by noon had ate it up. The dinner bell now rung, but Paul, as one may fancy, had no ſtomach; and was vex'd to ſee how heartily the other children ate. It was however worſe than this at five o'clock, when ſchool was over. His companions aſk'd him

if he would not play at cricket, taw, or kites. Alas, he could not; ſo they play'd without him. In the mean time, Paul could hardly ſtand upon his legs, he went and ſat down in a corner very gloomy, while the children ſaid to one another, What's the matter with poor Paul, that us'd to ſkip about, and be ſo merry? ſee how pale and ſorrowful he is! The maſter came himſelf, and ſeeing him, was quite alarm'd. 'Twas all loſt labour to interrogate him. Paul could not be brought to ſpeak a ſingle word. By great good luck, a boy at length came forward, in the ſecret; and his information was, that Paul's mama had ſent him a great cake the day before, which he had ſwallow'd in an in-

ſtant as it were, and that his preſent ſickneſs was occaſion'd only by his gluttony. On this, the maſter ſent for an apothecary, who ſoon order'd him a quantity of phyſic, phial after phial. Paul, as one would fancy, found it very nauſeous; but was forc'd to take the whole, for fear of dying, which had he omitted it, would certainly, have been the caſe. When ſome few days of phyſic, and ſtrict regimen had paſs'd, his health was re-eſtabliſhed as before; but his Mama proteſted ſhe would never let him have another cake.

ALBANY.

He did not merit ſo much as the ſmell of ſuch a thing. But this is but one cake, Papa; and you inform'd

me there were three, if you remember, in your ſtory.

Mr. Bellamy.

Patience! patience! here's another cake in what I'm going now to tell.

Paul's maſter had another ſcholar, and his name was Francis. He had written his Mama a very pretty letter, and it had not ſo much as a blotted ſtroke. In recompence for which, ſhe ſent him likewiſe a great cake; and Francis thus addreſſed himſelf: I will not, like that glutton Paul, eat up my cake at once, and ſo be ſick, as he was. No, I'll make my pleaſure laſt a great deal longer. So he took the cake, which he could hardly lift, by reaſon of its weight,

and watch'd the opportunity of ſlipping up into his chamber with it, where his box was, and in which, he put it under lock and key. At play-time, every day he ſlipt away from his companions, went up ſtairs a tip-toe, cut a tolerable ſlice off, ſwallow'd it, put by the reſt, and then came down and mix'd again with his companions. He continued this clandeſtine buſineſs all the week; and even then, the cake was hardly half conſum'd. But what enſu'd? At laſt, the cake grew dry, and quickly after mouldy; nay the very maggots got into it, and by that means had their ſhare; on which account, it was not then worth eating, and our young curmudgeon was compell'd to

fling the reſt away with great reluctance. No one griev'd however for him.

ALBANY.

No indeed; nor I, Papa. What, keep a cake lock'd up ſeven days together, and not give one's friends a bit! That's monſtrous! but let's have the other now.

Mr. BELLAMY.

There was another little gentleman who went to ſchool with Paul and Francis likewiſe, and his name was Gratian. His mama ſent *him* a cake one day, becauſe ſhe lov'd him, and indeed he lov'd her alſo very much. It was no ſooner come, than Gratian thus addreſſed his young compa-

nions. Come and look at what Ma-
ma has ſent me ; you muſt every one
at with me. They ſcarce needed
ſuch a welcome piece of information
wice, but all got round the cake, as
you have doubtleſs ſeen the bees reſort-
ng to a flower juſt blown. As Gra-
ian was provided with a knife, he cut
great piece off, and then divided it
nto as many ſhares as he had brought
oys together by ſuch a courteous in-
itation. Upon this he rang'd them
a circle, and beginning with the
oy that then ſtood next him, he
ent round, diſtributing to each his
ortion, till the ſhares were all diſpos'd
in this manner. Gratian then took
the reſt, and told them he would

eat his piece next day; on which he put it up, and went to play with his companions, who were all ſolicitous to have him chuſe whatever game he thought might entertain him moſt.

A quarter of an hour had ſcarcely paſt, as they were playing, when a poor old man, who had a fiddle, came into the yard. He had a very long white beard; and being blind, was guided by a little dog, who went before him with a collar round his neck, to which a cord was faſten'd, that the poor blind man had hold of. It was notic'd with how much dexterity the little dog conducted him, and how he ſhook a bell that, I forgot to ſay, hung underneath his collar, when he

came near any one, as if he had design'd to say by such an action, Don't throw down or run against my master. Being got into the yard, he sat him down upon a stone, and hearing several children talking round him, My dear little gentlemen, said he, I'll play you all the pretty tunes I know, if you will give me leave. The children wish'd for nothing half so much. He put his violin in tune, and then thrumm'd over several jiggs, and other scraps of music, that 'twas easy to conjecture had been new in ancient times. The little Gratian saw that while he play'd his merriest airs, a tear would now and then roll down his cheek, on which he stoop'd to ask

him, why he wept? Becauſe, ſaid the muſician, I am very hungry. I have no one in the world will give my little dog or me a bit of any thing to eat. I wiſh I could but work, and get for both of us a bit of ſomething, but I've loſt my ſtrength and ſight. Alas! I labour'd hard till I was old, and now want bread. The generous Gratian, hearing this, wept too. He did not ſay a word, but ran to fetch the cake he had deſign'd to eat himſelf. He brought it out with joy, and as he ran along, began, Here good old man, hold! here's ſome cake I give you. Where? replied the poor muſician, feeling with his hands, where is it, for I'm blind, and cannot ſee you? Gatian put the cake into his hand,

when laying down his fiddle on the ground, he wip'd his eyes, and then began to eat. At every piece he put into his mouth, he gave his faithful little dog a bit, who came and ate out of his hand; and Gratian ſtanding by him, ſmil'd with pleaſure at the thought of having fed the poor old man when he was hungry.

ALBANY.

O the good, good, Gratian!—Let me have your knife, Papa.

Mr. BELLAMY.

Here, Albany; but why my knife?

ALBANY.

I'll tell you. I have only nibbled here a little of my cake, ſo pleas'd I was in liſtening to you! So I'll cut

it ſmooth.—There—See how well I've order'd it!—Theſe ſcraps, together with the currants, will be more than I ſhall want for breakfaſt: and the firſt poor man I meet with, going home, ſhall have the reſt, even though he ſhould not play upon the violin.

BLIND-MAN's BUFF.

A DRAMA IN TWO ACTS.

CHARACTERS.

Mr. MILNER.

CÆSAR, *his ſon.*

VIOLA, CLARE, } *his daughters.*

ROSAMUND, BEATRICE, LAURA, *a little lame,* } *their friends.*

The two BARTHOLOMEWS, *friends to Cæſar.*

MARTIN, *their acquaintance.*

ROGER, *Mr. Milner's groom.*

The ſcene is an apartment in the houſe of Mr. Milner, with a table, and upon it books and other papers, and a ſpeaking trumpet in the corner.

BLIND-MAN's BUFF.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

CÆSAR *(ſpeaking to his father while he goes down ſtairs.)*

NO, no, Papa, don't be afraid: I'll take the greateſt care no accident ſhall happen to your papers. I'll put up your books too in the cloſet.—(*he*

comes forward, jumping as it were with joy.) We ſhall have ſome fine diverſion! When the cat's away, the mice ('tis ſaid) will play. *(to Viola, who now comes in,)* Well now, Viola, is Mama gone out, and all our little friends arriv'd?

VIOLA.

My friends are all three come; but none of your companions yet.

CÆSAR.

O, I can eaſily believe you, ſiſter, We don't want to run a gadding like you girls: and ſo we're not the firſt to keep appointments of this nature. You muſt force us from our ſtudy, if you'd have us. Look you, I'd lay any wager the Bartholomews, at leaſt,

are hard at work, while we are ſpeaking.

VIOLA.

Yes, to ſettle what fine tricks they can contrive to put upon us.—But pray, Cæſar, is it true Papa will let us paſs the evening here? Our room above's ſo very ſmall, we could not have found room to turn ourſelves well round!

CÆSAR.

Could my Papa refuſe you any thing, when I concern'd myſelf to aſk it?—Softly, little girl, don't diſcompoſe the papers.—Let them lye.

VIOLA.

Keep that advice, ſir; to yourſelf: I meant to lay them ſmooth.

CÆSAR (*with an air of importance.*)

No, no, you can't, Miſs; for 'tis I am charg'd with that commiſſion.

VIOLA.

Truly, my Papa could not have given it to ſo orderly a gentleman! Let me, at leaſt, aſſiſt you then; and afterward I'll put the chairs in order. Theſe great books I'll firſt remove.

CÆSAR.

Don't think of touching them! At moſt, I can permit you only to take one by one, and pile them up upon my hands. (*She does ſo, till they reach his chin.*)

VIOLA.

There's full enough.

CÆSAR, (*leaning backward.*)

One more only.—So.—I've now

ſufficient for one turn. *(he takes a ſtep or two, when all the books fall down.)*

VIOLA, *(burſting out a laughing.)*

Ha, ha, ha, ha! there, there they go! Thoſe handſome books, Papa would never let us lay a finger on! I fancy, he'll be greatly pleas'd to ſee them jumbled thus together!

CÆSAR.

I had loſt the *centrum gravitatis*, as my tutor ſays. He's very wiſe at leaſt. *(he picks the books up, but they tumble down as faſt.)* Deuce take it! They have been at Sadler's Wells I think, and learn'd to tumble ſure!

VIOLA.

You'll never finiſh, if I don't aſſiſt you. So d'ye ſee; I'll ſpread my apron,

and do you ſtoop down and pile them in it.

CÆSAR.

That's well thought indeed!

(*Cæſar goes upon his knees, takes up the books, and places them in order in his ſiſter's apron.*)

VIOLA.

Softly, brother! they'll rub one againſt another! So I've got them all, and now I'll carry them into the cloſet. (*She goes out.*)

CÆSAR (*riſing out of breath.*)

Bleſs me! I ſhould never do to live a long time in the country where men go upon all-fours like monkies. (*he fans himſelf with his hat.*)

VIOLA, (*re-entering.*)

Could you ſee how neatly I have

rang'd them on the chimney, you'd be charm'd! ſo let me have the reſt. (*Cæſar puts the other books, and all the papers in his ſiſter's lap, who ſays when ſhe receives them,*)

Well, every body muſt acknowledge, girls are cleverer than boys.

CÆSAR.

O yes, and you particularly. Clare is conſtantly employ'd in putting by your ſhreds and rags.

VIOLA.

And if your tutor had not conſtantly his eye upon you, you would never know where you ſhould find your exerciſes and tranſlations. (*She looks about her.*) But I fancy, I've now ot them all.

CÆSAR.

Yes, yes; there's nothing left; ſo get you gone. (*Viola goes out.*)

CÆSAR *(putting back the chairs and table in their place.)*

There, ſo that's done, and we ſhall now have elbow-room enough. I can't help thinking what fine work we ſhall be ſure to make. However, I'm ſurpris'd they're not yet come. For my part, I can ſay I'm hardly ever ſtaid for, when a rendezvous is once appointed me.

VIOLA, *(re-entering once again, and looking round about.)*

Aye, very well: but brother, you muſt hide that ſpeaking trumpet. If your friends ſhould happen to perceive

ceive it, they'll be ſure to ſtun us with their noiſe.

CÆSAR.

Stay, ſtay. I'll put it up behind the door, as very likely I ſhall want it. Let your little friends come now and din me with their chattering, as they us'd to do, and we ſhall ſee who'll cry out loudeſt.

VIOLA.

Stuff! we need but join together; we ſhould very ſhortly get the upper hand of ſuch a little thing as you.

CÆSAR.

O no; for if you ladies have your clappers ſo well hung, we gentlemen poſſeſs a fine clear manly voice, tha

every one reſpects: as thus—You hear me?

VIOLA *(ſhrugging up her ſhoulders.)*

Yes; and have ſo much reſpect, as you ſay, for you, that I'll take myſelf away. Farewell. I'll run and join my friends.

CÆSAR.

And bid the ſervant ſend me up my viſitors when they arrive.

VIOLA.

Yes, yes. *(She withdraws.)*

CÆSAR (*taking up the ſpeaking trumpet.*)

Here's what has often brought me from the furtheſt corner of the garden, much againſt my inclination; and I think I hear it ſtill.—So oh! there! Cæſar! Cæſar!—My young friends

live only at the corner of the ſtreet. Let's ſee if I can haſten them. (*He puts the trumpet to his mouth, throws up the window, and cries out,*

Girls and boys come out to play,
The moon doth ſhine as bright as day:
Come with a whoop, and come with a call,
Come with a good-will, or not at all.

(*He leaves the window and draws near the door.*)

Well, is not this ſurpriſing! 'Tis like Harlequin's enchanted Horn. I think I hear them talking to each other on the ſtairs. (*he liſtens*) Yes, yes! the two Bartholomews indeed. (*He puts the trumpet by*) Suppoſe I

were to jump now on the table, and receive them ſitting on my throne? (*He runs to fetch a ſtool that he may put it on the table; and prepares to take a ſpring, but the arrival of the two Bartholomews prevents him.*)

SCENE II.

CÆSAR and the two BARTHOLOMEWS.

CÆSAR.

COULD not you have ſtaid a little at the door till I was mounted on my throne? that I might give you audience, as they ſay, in all my glory.

The elder BARTHOLOMEW.

Good indeed! you've no occaſion for a throne to look exactly like a king. And active as you are, the throne might very likely cauſe your Majeſty a tumble.

CÆSAR.

Why, to ſay the truth, I've read of many tumbles of that nature in my ancient hiſtory.

The elder BARTHOLOMEW.

And in ſome ſort, ſuch an accident has happen'd to my brother, though he's no great prince. He fell down ſtairs laſt week, and hurt his noſe conſiderably.

The younger BARTHOLOMEW *(ſtuttering.)*

Yes, indee-ee-eed! It pains me ſti-i-ill a little, and that ma-a-aſter Martin is a very nau-au-aughty boy.

CÆSAR.

Does he deſign to come to-night?

The elder BARTHOLOMEW.

I hope he don't: if we had thought he would be here, we ſhould not have ſtirr'd out.

The younger BARTHOLOMEW.

He o-o-only thinks of miſchief.

CÆSAR.

What then has he done?

The elder BARTHOLOMEW.

We were both going out laſt Saturday. I ſtopp'd to get a handkerchief; my brother went down ſtairs alone

and, as it happen'd, Martin hearing ſome one, came out ſlily, jump'd at once upon my brother, who was frighted, loſt his footing, and roll'd down the ſtairs from top to bottom.

CÆSAR.

Poor Bartholomew! I'm ſorry for you. Martin looks for all the world as if he lov'd ſuch miſchief. We ſhall have his company this evening for the firſt time in our lives: his father begg'd Papa would let him come and ſee us.

The elder BARTHOLOMEW.

I am ſorry for it. We don't ſpeak to one another any longer.

CÆSAR.

My Papa ſuppos'd you all good

friends, becauſe you lodge together, and conſider'd you would have the greater pleaſure if he came.

The elder BARTHOLOMEW.

The greater pleaſure! We ſhould like to have him ten miles off. Since he has been our neighbour, we have been continually uneaſy. He has frequently amus'd himſelf with breaking windows, and then wants to lay the blame on us.

CÆSAR.

Does no one make complaint about him to his father?

The elder BARTHOLOMEW.

O! I don't know what to make of him; he's ſuch an odd ſort of a man! He ſcolds a little, pays the damage, and that's all.

CÆSAR.

If I were your papa, I'd quit my lodgings and live ſomewhere elſe.

The elder BARTHOLOMEW.

Yes, ſo he means to do, and therefore yeſterday gave warning; and we're now forbid all manner of connection with this Martin; he's ſo wicked! Would you think it, very few go by the houſe, without expecting he will put ſome trick upon them. Sometimes he diverts himſelf by ſquirting puddle water at them; or elſe pelting them with rotten apples. Nay, he'll ſometimes faſten rabbets' tails or bits of rags behind their back, at which the people when they ſee it, all burſt out a laughing. Then too he has what he calls his *caxen fiſhery*.

CÆSAR.

Caxen fiſhery!

The elder BARTHOLOMEW.

Yes: he'll take the people's wigs off, as they paſs him, with a hook, as you would carp. When ſome poor man or other ſtops before his window to converſe with any one he may have met with, Martin inſtantly goes up to the balcony, with a ſtring ſuſpended from a fiſhing-rod, and at the end of it a hook, with which he jerks the poor man's wig off. Then he runs and ties it to a dog he has before provided for the purpoſe, after which he drives the creature out into the ſtreet, and off he ſets that inſtant, ſo that the poor perriwig has frequent-

ly been dragg'd for twenty minutes thro' the mud, before its owner can lay hold of it again.

CÆSAR.

But this is more than mere amuſement!

The elder BARTHOLOMEW.

And yet this is nothing to the ſtories I could tell you. Why he lames or bruiſes all the dogs and cats he can by any means get hold of. Neither is it long ago, when one of his relations broke a leg, by ſlipping down upon the ſtairs, where Martin had been ſcattering peas on purpoſe. Aye, it's ſo; or elſe our name is not Bartholomew. And for the ſervants, I am ſure his father would not get one

to attend him, if he did not pay extraordinary wages.

CÆSAR.

Shall I tell you now? I long to see him. I like boys a little merry.

The elder BARTHOLOMEW.

Nothing is more natural: but Martin's mirth is not like other children's. You, I know, love laughing at your heart; but would not, for the world, hurt any one; whereas this wicked fellow laughs at bumps and bruises.

CÆSAR.

O that does not fright me in the leaſt. I ſhall be much more pleas'd in paying him as he deſerves,

The elder BARTHOLOMEW.

If he ſhould come, my brother

won't offend you by withdrawing? He would do him ſome freſh miſchief.

The younger BARTHOLOMEW.

Ye-e-es, I'll go.

CÆSAR.

No, no: We're ancient friends; and poſitively no new comer ſhall divide us. I'll take care and manage him, I warrant you.—But don't I hear a noiſe upon the ſtairs?—'Tis Martin.—No, I ſee my ſiſter and her company.

SCENE III.

CÆSAR, the two BARTHOLOMEWS, VIOLA, CLARE, ROSAMUND, BEATRICE, LAURA.

VIOLA.

YOUR humble ſervant, my good friends! but why not ſeated, brother? you might eaſily have got the gentlemen a chair a piece, ſince they've been with you. There has ſure been time enough.

CÆSAR.

As if we did not know 'tis uſual to receive the ladies ſtanding.

VIOLA.

I am charm'd to find you know your duty; but where's maſter Martin? (*to the Bartholomews.*) I ſuppos'd, you would have brought him with you.

The elder BARTHOLOMEW.

'Tis a long time now, thank Heaven, ſince we've been ſeparated from him.

ROSAMUND.

Is he then, unluckier than Viola's brother?

LAURA (*archly.*)

He'd be certainly unlucky then indeed!

BEATRICE.

Viola's brother! He's a very lamb

to Martin. We have known him for a long time. Have we not, dear ſiſter?

LAURA.

That we have, and he has play'd me many a trick.

BEATRICE.

He was very thick with Anthony my brother; but he's rid entirely of him now: Why, he's the ſorrieſt fellow in the world!

VIOLA.

O, as for that, my brother's even with him there.

ROSAMUND.

But to do miſchief merely for the pleaſure of it—there's the villainy!

VIOLA.

No, no, my brother's better than that comes to.

CÆSAR (*with an air of irony.*)

Do you think ſo truly? I'm oblig'd to you!

ROSAMUND.

Well, well, my dear Viola, we'll be under your protection, you're the biggeſt of us; and beſides, at preſent you are miſtreſs of the houſe, and may command him.

VIOLA.

Dn't you be afraid. I'll keep him perfectly in bounds.

CÆSAR.

Yes, yes, Viola: you ſhall take care of the ladies, and for you (*to the Bartholomews.*) I'll take you under my protection.

The elder BARTHOLOMEW.

O he'll hardly think of playing tricks with me. He knows me, I aſſure you. All I fear for is my brother.

The younger BARTHOLOMEW.

He makes ga-a-ame of me! yes, a-a-always!

LAURA.

That's his way, the leaſt are thoſe he has to do with. He would never vex my ſiſter,—none but me.

VIOLA.

I can believe you: ſuch as he, are always cowards; and I think I ſee a puppy following cloſe upon a cat as long as ſhe keeps running: but if once the cat turns round, and ſhows her

whiſkers, then the puppy ſcampers for it.

CÆSAR.

Well then, ſiſter, you ſhall be the cat.

LAURA.

And let him ſee your whiſkers.

VIOLA.

But methinks, it would not be amiſs if we ſat down. Tho' we expect this Mr. Miſchief-maker, we've no need I fancy to keep ſtanding till he chuſes to appear.

CÆSAR.

Huſh! here he is.

SCENE IV.

CÆSAR, the two BARTHOLOMEWS, VIOLA, CLARE, ROSAMUND, BEATRICE, LAURA, and MARTIN.

MARTIN (*to Cæſar and his ſiſter, making them a bow.*)

YOUR ſervant. Your papa was pleas'd to let me wait upon you: ſo I'm come to ſpend the evening with you.

VIOLA.

We are glad to ſee you; and ſhall have a deal of pleaſure in your company; at leaſt my brother.

CLARE.

Yes indeed; he wants for good examples.

CÆSAR.

Do I? So your good example, you would have the gentleman ſuppoſe, is not ſufficient.

VIOLA.

Well, a truce to compliments. As miſtreſs of the houſe 'tis neceſſary I ſhould let you know who's who. This tall young lady, in the firſt place, is Miſs Roſamund Ducane.

MARTIN (*with a banter.*)

I'm charm'd you tell me ſo.

VIOLA.

And theſe are the Miſs—

MARTIN.

O, I know them very well. This here's *(pointing to Beatrice.)* my lady —what's her name? Pentweazle, that will take you off the company, as ſimple as ſhe ſeems; And there's *(pointing to Laura and limping round the room)* Miſs Up-and-down, who broke her leg by running from the rod. This gentleman, *(the elder Bartholomew)* obſerve him, he's a grave wiſe Grecian, that looks ſtraight before him as he walks, as if he pitied us poor ſilly children. And this Peter Grievous, my good little friend, *(ſhowing the younger Bartholomew, and letting fall his hat)* is 'Squire A-a-a-a-atkinſon, whoſe dear Mama

forgot, poor creature! to untie his tongue when he was born.

(*The children ſeem ſurpriz'd, and gaze at one another.*)

CÆSAR.

And who am I, Sir? for methinks you ſeem quite clever at this ſort of portrait painting.

MARTIN.

O, I'm not ſufficiently acquainted with you yet, to take your likeneſs: but I'll let you have it ſoon.

VIOLA.

For you, Sir, I could draw you at a glance, and I muſt tell you, the ſimilitude would not be very pleaſing. I could never have ſuppos'd it poſſible that any well-bred little gentleman,

as I imagine you affect to be, ſhould think of turning natural defects into a theme for banter. If my little friends were not ſincerely ſuch, they would have reaſon to reproach me, for expoſing them to your indecency. But they can ſee, I could not have expected half ſo much myſelf.

MARTIN.

Why, Mr. Cæſar, I proteſt your ſiſter's mighty eloquent. You need not go to church on Sundays, having ſuch a charming preacher in the houſe.

CÆSAR.

She's tolerably ſkill'd, when any one is to be told the truth; and 'tis on that account we love her, both my ſiſter and myſelf, with all our heart.

MARTIN.

Well, well, you ſee I'm likewiſe tolerably ſkill'd in telling truth; and therefore you will love me too with all your heart. *(he bows to Viola)* I aſk your pardon, miſs, for having taken your employment off your hands, that are yourſelf ſo clever at it.

VIOLA.

Your excuſes and your bow are both an inſult; but an inſult, ſuch as I deſpiſe. Though were they on the other hand ſincere, they'd hardly make atonement for ſo coarſe an incivility. If I had not conſider'd every word you've ſaid as meant in joke, however groſs I cannot but ſuppoſe it, I ſhould know what ſuited me to do, and ſhould have done it likewiſe:

Let me therefore beg, Sir, you'd indulge in no more freedoms of this nature, if you mean we ſhould remain together.

MARTIN *(ſomewhat embarraſs'd.)*

Well, but I can ſee you do not underſtand a little harmleſs piece of banter. Let's be friends. *(he holds out his hand.)*

VIOLA *(giving her's.)*

With all my heart, Sir; but provided—

MARTIN *(turning ſuddenly his back upon Viola, and addreſſing young Bartholomew.)*

You too are an honeſt little fellow; and I'll ſhake hands with you. *(He heſitates to give his hand, and therefore*

Martin ſeizing on it, ſhakes his arm ſo rudely, that he falls a crying.)

The elder BARTHOLOMEW.

Mr. Martin!

CÆSAR (*laying hold of Martin's arm.*)

Pray, Sir, let this child alone; or—

MARTIN.

Well—or what?—my little Jack-a-dandy.

CÆSAR (*boldly.*)

I am little, I acknowledge; but yet ſtrong enough; and ſo you'll find me, when my friends require to be defended.

MARTIN.

Say you ſo? in that caſe I ſhould like to be among them. But before hand, if you pleaſe, we'll have a tuſſle,

juſt to ſee how you'll be able to defend them.

(*Martin on a ſudden tries to fling him down; but Cæſar ſtands upon his ground, and Martin falls. The company ruſh in to part them.*

CÆSAR.

But one moment, if you pleaſe, young ladies. I'll not do him any harm. Well Mr. Martin, how pray do you find yourſelf? I fancy I'm your maſter.

MARTIN (*ſtruggling.*)

Take your knee off,—or you'll ſtifle me.

CÆSAR.

No, no; you muſt not think of getting up, unleſs you firſt aſk pardon.

MARTIN *(furiously.)*

Pardon!

CÆSAR.

Yes, Sir, and of all the company, as you have certainly offended all the company.

MARTIN.

Well, well; I do ask pardon.

CÆSAR.

If again you should insult us, be assured we'll send you down into the cellar till to-morrow morning, which will surely cool your courage. That's much better than to hurt you. We don't think you worth the trouble.—Rise. *(he gets from off him, and when both are up continues,)* You have no right to be offended; for re-

member 'twas yourſelf began the conteſt. (*Martin ſeems aſham'd, and being up, keeps ſilent.*)

ROSAMUND (*aſide to Clare.*)

I could never have ſuppos'd your brother half ſo valiant!

CLARE.

O, a lion's hardly bolder! and yet, Roſamund, he never quarrels. He's in ſhort, altho' I ſay it, the beſt temper'd little fellow in the world. (*to the company*) But what are we about? we ought to think of ſome amuſement for the evening.

CÆSAR.

Certainly we ought, or why are we all come together. Well, what play ſhall we make choice of? Something

funny? what ſay you, Bartholomew?

The elder BARTHOLOMEW.

We'll let the ladies chuſe.

(*Martin makes mouths at Cæſar and Bartholomew: the reſt pretend as if they did not ſee him.*)

VIOLA.

There, Cæſar; there's a leſſon for you: we may chuſe. Well then, ſuppoſe we play at queſtions and commands? or poſſibly you'd like a game at cards much better?

LAURA.

I ſhould rather play at ſomething with the leaſt Bartholomew. If you've a picture book, well turn it over: wont we?

The younger BARTHOLOMEW.

O-o-o-oh yes, yes.

VIOLA.

With all my heart, ſweet dears. I'll carry you up ſtairs. You'll neither want for pictures, nor yet playthings there.

Laura and the leaſt Bartholomew take hold of one another by the hand, and jump for joy.

VIOLA *(to the ladies.)*

My friends, will you go with me for amuſement into my apartment? I've a charming bonnet you'll be pleas'd to look at!

ALL *(together.)*

Yes, yes, yes; let's go.

The

The elder BARTHOLOMEW.

Will you accept my hand, as far as your apartment, Miſs Viola?

VIOLA.

Rather, let Miſs Roſamund or Beatrice, if they think proper, have it.

(*The elder Bartholomew preſents his hand to Beatrice, who happens to ſtand next him.*)

MARTIN.

What then do you mean to leave me by myſelf here?

CÆSAR.

No, Sir, theſe young ladies will excuſe me. So I'll ſtay: but I'm oblig'd to leave you for a moment.

MARTIN.

Are you? but I'll follow you. I don't like to be left alone by night, and in a houſe to which I'm ſuch a ſtranger.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

CÆSAR and MARTIN.

MARTIN.

THE truth is, I was apprehenſive you might think of playing me ſome trick; ſo I accompanied you. But we're now return'd, and being all alone, we may deviſe ſome mirth between us.

CÆSAR.

Very willingly; I aſk no better; ſo let's think a little.

MARTIN.

We muſt have ſome fun, I fancy, with the leaſt Bartholomew.

CÆSAR.

If by fun you mean ſome trick to hurt him, I ſay no: I'll not be in a joking humour: ſo pray leave him out, if you are bent on miſchief.

MARTIN.

They inform'd me you were always merry, and lov'd ſomething funny at your heart.

CÆSAR.

And ſo I do: but notwithſtanding, without hurt to any one. However,

let me know what ſort of fun you had reſolv'd on.

MARTIN.

Look you: here are two large needles. I will ſtick them with the points both upward in the bottom of two chairs, that common eyes ſhall not diſcern them. You ſhall in the next place offer two of theſe young ladies the two chairs, for very likely they'd ſuſpect I meant them miſchief of ſome ſort or other, and they'll naturally both ſit down: but figure to yourſelf what ſtrange grimaces they'll both make! Ha! ha! ha! ha! It makes me die a laughing now I do but think what faces we ſhall have to look at! Ay, ay! and your prudiſh ſiſter too

will find the matter quite diverting

CÆSAR.

But ſuppoſe I were to treat you juſt in the ſame manner, would you like it?

MARTIN.

O treat me! that's different: but thoſe little ideots—

CÆSAR.

So you call them ideots, do you ſince they are not miſchievous?

MARTIN.

At leaſt you're mighty formal and preciſe. Shall I then mention ſomething elſe?

CÆSAR.

Yes, do.

MARTIN.

Then I've ſome thread as ſtrong

whip-cord in my pocket. I'll thread one of theſe great needles with a little of it; and as ſoon as they are all come down, one of us ſhall go up politely towards them, make a deal of ſcraping, and wry faces, while the other, keeping ſtill behind, ſhall ſew their gowns together. They'll all want to dance, as you may gueſs, ſo up we'll come, and take them out,—ha! ha! you know the reſt, ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

CÆSAR.

Yes, to tear their gowns; and get them anger when their parents find it out?

MARTIN.

Why, there's the pleaſure!

CÆSAR.

What! have you no pleaſure then in any thing but doing miſchief?

MARTIN.

But it does not injure me.

CÆSAR.

O ho! I underſtand: you think of no one but yourſelf, and all the world is nothing to you!

MARTIN.

Well: but we are come together to divert ourſelves; and we muſt poſitively have ſome laughing. So ſuppoſe we frighten Laura and the leaſt Bartholomew.

CÆSAR.

But that's quite wrong. Suppoſing any one ſhould frighten you?

MARTIN.

With all my heart, if any one's but able. I'm afraid of nothing.

CÆSAR (*aſide.*)

Say you ſo?—That we ſhall ſee perhaps.—(*aloud to Martin.*)—Well, about this frightening?

MARTIN.

I've an ugly maſk at home. I'll run and fetch it. And do you, when I am gone, contrive to bring the little children down, and you ſhall ſee—I'll not be abſent half a minute.

CÆSAR (*aſide.*)

Good!—The maſque ſhall be for you.—(*to Martin calling him back.*) But Martin! Martin!

MARTIN.

What's the matter?

CÆSAR.

'Twill be better we ſhould come upon them where we are, if I can bring the others down: for when there are but two or three in this part of the houſe, there ſometimes comes a ſpirit; and in that caſe, we ourſelves ſhould be but badly off.

MARTIN.

What is't you tell me of your ſpirits?

CÆSAR.

Yes; 'tis true. At firſt one hears a noiſe, and then a phantom with a lighted torch glides by, and then the room ſeems all on fire. (*He draws back, as if afraid*) Methinks I ſee it now.

MARTIN (*a little frighten'd.*)

See what?—O Lord!—And what can bring the phantom here?

CÆSAR (*drawing Martin towards a corner, and then whiſpering to him.*)

The reaſon, as we're told, is this; there was a miſer liv'd here formerly, and he was robb'd one night of all his money. In deſpair he cut his throat, and now from time to time, his ghoſt goes up and down.—

MARTIN (*in a tremble.*)

O ho, I'll ſtay no longer here, unleſs you get more company.

CÆSAR.

But recollect, how brave you were juſt now?

MARTIN.

You muſt not fancy I'm afraid:—

but—but—but—but—but I'll go fetch my maſk.

CÆSAR.

Do, do: And I'll prepare things here.—What pleaſure we ſhall have!

MARTIN (*with a grin.*)

O! enough to make one die with laughing!

CÆSAR.

They'll be finely frighten'd!

MARTIN.

That they will! and therefore I'll make haſte. I'm home and back again—You'll ſee how ſoon. (*he goes out.*)

CÆSAR (*alone.*)

Ah ah! you want to frighten others, and are not afraid yourſelf! Well,

well! I've thought of ſomething that will fright you, or I'm very much miſtaken.

SCENE II.

CÆSAR, VIOLA, CLARE, ROSAMUND, BEATRICE, and the elder BARTHOLOMEW.

VIOLA.

WE ſaw Martin run acroſs the ſtreet this moment: what's the matter? Have you had a quarrel?

CÆSAR.

On the other hand, he thinks me his beſt friend. I've ſeem'd diſpos'd to go ſhares with him in a trick he

means to put upon the little ones above: but 'tis himſelf he'll trick, and never wiſh to come a third time here.

VIOLA.

Well, what's your project?

CÆSAR.

You ſhall know e'er long. At preſent, I've no time to loſe, for every thing muſt be in readineſs againſt his coming back: ſo ladies, I'll requeſt permiſſion to be abſent for about five minutes.

ROSAMUND.

Yes, go, go; but don't ſtay longer. We are all impatient to be told what you deſign.

CÆSAR.

I ſhall conſider it my duty to in

form you when I've done without. So once more with your leave. I'll come again in leſs, 'tis very likely, than five minutes. *(he goes out.)*

VIOLA.

Ah! ah! ah!—Two pretty fellows got together. We ſhall ſee what good comes out between them! one's well worth the other.

The elder BARTHOLOMEW.

O, for Heaven's ſake, Miſs Viola, don't do ſuch diſhonour to my friend, your brother, as to name him and that wicked Martin thus together.

BEATRICE.

You are in the right, Bartholomew. One's nothing but politeneſs, and the other truly ſavage.

CLARE.

Savage as he is, however, I'd lay a wager Cæſar will be found his maſter.

ROSAMUND.

What a piece of ſervice would not Cæſar do us, could he clear the houſe of ſuch a fellow! We ſhall have no pleaſure all the evening if he ſtays among us.

VIOLA.

I'm afraid however Cæſar will proceed too far, and think himſelf permitted to do any thing againſt this Martin.

The elder BARTHOLOMEW.

He can never do enough, and tho' his ſcheme ſhould be a little hard on

Martin,

Martin, there will be inſtruction in it: 'tis the greateſt ſervice one can do him: and his father, I'm perſuaded, will be pleas'd with Cæſar, when he hears what pains he has been at to teach his ſon. Alas! he'd part with half his fortune, to have Martin like him.

BEATRICE.

So Viola, don't you go about to thwart your brother's good intentions.

VIOLA.

But, my dear Miſs Beatrice, I'm in a tickliſh ſituation: I am now inſtead of my Mama, and cannot poſſibly let any thing go forward, ſhe would not approve of.

BEATRICE.

Let him have his way. We'll take the blame of what he does, upon ourſelves.

CLARE.

Yes, let him ſiſter. War I ſay, war, war for ever with the wicked!

CÆSAR (*returning joyfully.*)

I have ſettled every thing, and Martin may appear whenever he thinks proper. We'll receive him.

VIOLA.

But I hope, you'll tell me—

ROSAMUND.

Yes, we'll be too in the plot; and more than that, aſſiſt you if we can.

CÆSAR.

No, ladies, that's not neceſſary. There's a little violence, I muſt ac-

knowledge in my plot, and therefore I'll not make you parties. I've been ſettling every thing with Roger in the ſtable. He conceives my meaning clearly, and will ſecond it with great dexterity.

VIOLA.

But ſtill, you don't acquaint me—

CÆSAR.

This is all of the contrivance you need know. We'll go to Blind-man's Buff, that Martin may ſuſpect no harm on his return. I'll let myſelf be caught, and he or ſhe that blinds me muſt take care that I may have an opportunity of ſeeing through the handkerchief, and fixing upon Martin. After he is blinded, you

ſhall ſteal into the cloſet, take away the lights, and leave us both together. When I want your aid, I'll call you.

The elder BARTHOLOMEW.

But if Martin ſhould proceed to thraſh you in your tête à tête?

CÆSAR.

Proceed to thraſh me! You obſerv'd how eaſily I flung him down. I'm not afraid of ſuch a one as he, for I have found he's nothing but a coward. So that's fix'd: but firſt, we muſt have both the little ones down ſtairs, or Martin might go up and frighten them while we are talking here together. So pray, ſiſter, (*to Clare*) go and bring them down.

CLARE.

Yes, yes. (*She goes out.*)

VIOLA.

But brother, I'm not clear, I ſhould permit you—

BEATRICE.

What's the matter? let him do I tell you as he pleaſes.

CÆSAR.

Yes, yes, ſiſter; and rely on my diſcretion. You are ſenſible I don't like miſchief, for the ſake of miſchief: therefore he ſhall not have half the puniſhment he merits, but come off when I have frighten'd him a little; and that's all the harm I mean to do him.

VIOLA.

Well then, Cæſar, on your promiſe of diſcretion—

CÆSAR.

Yes, I promiſe you no leſs. So let's make haſte, and put the things to rights, that all may be in order here too, when he comes.

(*They put away the chairs and table. Clare in the interim comes down with Laura and Bartholomew.*)

CÆSAR (*going up to Laura and Bartholomew.*)

Come, come, my little friends, into this cloſet; but take care and don't make any noiſe, or Martin very poſſibly will hear you.

CLARE.

I'll conduct them: there's a book of pictures in it; and I'll ſtay to ſhow them any thing they like.

LAURA.

I thought the tea was ready: May we not ſtay here with you, till it comes in?

CÆSAR.

I'll fetch you when the ſervant brings it: but at preſent, you muſt go into the cloſet: Martin wants to frighten you, and I'll not let him.

The younger BARTHOLOMEW.

Ye-e-e-e-es; let's go, my de-e-e-e-ar. (*Clare takes up a candle, and goes in with Laura and the other.*)

CÆSAR.

We comprehend, I fancy, what we are to do? My eyes not wholly cover'd, and, whenever I may give the ſignal, you muſt take away the light,

and get into the closet; but particularly perfect silence.

ROSAMUND.

Yes, we understand you.

CÆSAR.

I believe, I hear a noise? hush! hush! *(he listens at the door.)*

Yes, yes; 'tis he! 'tis he! be quick, et one of you be blinded.

ROSAMUND.

I'll begin. Who takes my handkerchief? *(Beatrice blinds Rosamund, and they begin to run about.)*

SCENE III.

CÆSAR, VIOLA, ROSAMUND, BEATRICE, and MARTIN.

(*Martin, as he enters, pinches Rosamund, on which she throws her hands out, and lays hold of Martin.*)

ROSAMUND.

'TIS Mr. Martin. I well know him by his pinching me.

CÆSAR.

Tis Martin; but he was not in the play. You must begin again.

MARTIN.

Undoubtedly, and Mr. Cæſar's in the right.

ROSAMUND.

Well, be it ſo: but if again I catch you, it ſhall all be fair. Remember, I have warn'd you.

MARTIN.

O yes, yes. (*he takes Cæſar aſide, and lets him ſee a little of the maſque.*) What think you of it?

CÆSAR, (*feigning to be frighten'd,*)

O how frightful! I ſhould certainly be terrified at ſeeing it myſelf. Well, hide it carefully: we'll play a little, and then ſlip away.

MARTIN, (*whiſpering Cæſar,*)

Yes, yes, we will: but I muſt, firſt

of all, do ſomething that may vex the ladies.

CÆSAR, *(whiſpering Martin,)*

I'll go up to Roſamund, and turn her round: if ſhe ſhould catch me, ſhe'll believe 'tis you, and muſt ſet out again.

MARTIN, *(whiſpering Cæſar,)*

Good! good! I'll have a little fun too with her.

BEATRICE.

Well; and when will you have told each other all your ſecrets? Two fine gentlemen! why don't you ſee the game ſtands ſtill?

MARTIN.

You need not ſtay for us; we're ready.

CÆSAR *(keeping near Miſs Roſamund, as if he wiſh'd to pull her by the gown, and ſeeing Martin go to fetch a chair.)*

(Aſide) Now Miſs Roſamund, I'll put myſelf into your way.

(*Martin brings a chair, and puts it ſo that Roſamund may tumble over it: but Cæſar takes the chair away, and puts himſelf inſtead, upon his hands and feet, with ſo much noiſe, that Roſamund may hear him. As ſhe ſlides along her feet, as if at hazard, ſhe encounters Cæſar, ſtoops and ſeizes him.*)

ROSAMUND *(after having felt about his cape and wriſts, and ſeeming doubtful.)*

It's Maſter Cæſar.

CÆSAR (*in appearance diſconcerted,*)

Yes indeed; I'm taken. What ill luck! ſo ſoon?

ROSAMUND, (*pulling off the bandage,*)

O ho! you wanted then to throw me down! I thought ſuch tricks were Martin's only; but it ſhan't be long before I take revenge.

(*She covers Cæſar's eyes, but ſo that he can ſee a little; leads him towards the middle of the room, and then, as is the cuſtom of the game, aſks Cæſar*)

How many horſes has your father in his ſtable?

CÆSAR.

Three; black, white and grey.

ROSAMUND.

Turn about three times, and catch whom you may.

(Cæſar gropes his way from place to place, and lets himſelf be joſtled as they pleaſe. Miſs Roſamund particularly plagues him; he pretends to follow her, but all at once turns round, and falls on Martin.)

CÆSAR.

Ah! ha! I've got you! have I? It's a boy. It's Martin! (*pulling off the handkerchief.*) Yes, yes; I'm not miſtaken,

MARTIN *(whiſpering Cæſar.)*

Why lay hold of *me?*

CÆSAR, (*whiſpering Martin,*)

Don't mind it. You ſhall catch Bartholomew. I'll puſh him toward you.

MARTIN, (*whiſpering Cæſar,*)

Do; and you ſhall ſee I'll mak

him ſqueak: I'll pinch him till the very blood ſpins out.

(Cæſar begins to cover Martin's eyes, and gives his company a nod, as he had ſettled it: Bartholomew aſſiſted by the little ladies, takes away the lights, and all together run into the adjoining cloſet, without making any noiſe.)

The elder BARTHOLOMEW, *(juſt before he ſteps into the cloſet,)*

Well; and have you finiſh'd? O make haſte. You take a deal of time. What miſchief are you whiſpering to each other?

(At this inſtant, the groom preſents himſelf at the door; he has a lighted torch in one hand, and a ſtick beneath it in the other, with a large full-

bottom wig upon it. He is cover'd, head and all, with Mr. Milner's gown, that trails along upon the ground behind him. Cæſar beckons him to ſtay a little at the entrance, while he's blinding Martin.)

ROBERT, (*putting Martin in the middle of the room,*)

How many horſes has your father in his ſtable?

MARTIN.

Three; black, white and grey.

CÆSAR.

Turn about—(*pretending to be angry with the others.*) Be quiet pray, young ladies, and don't quit your places till the game's begun.—Turn about three times, and catch whom you may. (*While*

(While Martin turns about, Cæſar runs to get the ſpeaking trumpet, bids the groom untie a chain he has about his waiſt, which falling makes a hideous noiſe, & then cries out luſtily himſelf)

The ghoſt! the ghoſt! Run Martin for your life.

(He claps the door to violently, hides himſelf behind the ghoſt, and ſpeaking through the trumpet, ſays,)

'Tis you that come to ſteal my treaſure then?

MARTIN, *(in a ſhiver, and without ſufficient courage to pull off the bandage,)*

Fire! fire! Bartholomew! where are you, Cæſar? murder! murder! Roſamund!

CÆSAR *(ſpeaking through the trumpet,)*

I've ſcar'd 'em all away.—Pull off your bandage, and look at me.

(Martin, without pulling off the bandage puts both hands before his face, retiring as the ghoſt advances on him.)

CÆSAR.

Pull it off, I ſay.—

(Martin, upon this makes ſhift to pull the bandage down, that falls about his neck. He dares not lift his eyes up; but at laſt, when he obſerves the ghoſt, he gives a cry, and has not power to move.)

CÆSAR.

I know you well: your name is Martin.

(Martin hearing this, runs up and down to get away: he finds the door ſhut

faſt, falls down upon his knees, holds out his hands, and turns away his head.)

CÆSAR.

What you think to 'ſcape me! do you?

MARTIN (*after ſeveral efforts.*)

I've done nothing to you. You were never robb'd by me.

CÆSAR.

Never robb'd by you? You're capable of any villainy! Who is it ſquirts at people in the ſtreet? Who faſtens rabbets tails behind their backs? Who fiſhes for their wigs? Who lames poor dogs and cats? Who ſticks up pins in chairs to prick his friends, when they ſit down? And who has

in his pocket even now, a maſk to frighten two poor little children with?

MARTIN.

I have done all this! indeed I own it! but for Heaven's ſake, pardon me, and I'll not do ſo any more.

CÆSAR.

Who'll anſwer for you?

MARTIN.

Thoſe you've ſcar'd away, if you'll but call 'em.

CÆSAR.

Do you promiſe me yourſelf?

MARTIN.

Yes, yes; upon my honour.

CÆSAR.

Well then, I take pity on you: but remember, had it been my plea-

ſure, I might eaſily fly with you thro' the window.

(Here the phantom ſhakes his torch, that gives a glare like lightning, and then goes out. The frighten'd Martin falls face downward on the ground.)

SCENE the Laſt.

MARTIN, CÆSAR, the GROOM, and Mr. MILNER.

Mr. MILNER (*entering with a candle in his hand,*)

WHAT's all this diſturbance?

MARTIN (*without looking up,*)

Is it I then, make it? Pray, pray, don't come near me!

Mr. MILNER (*perceiving Martin on the ground,*)

Who can this be on the ground?

MARTIN.

You know me well enough, and have already taken pity on me.

Mr. MILNER.

I already taken pity on you!

MARTIN.

'Twas not I that robb'd you.

Mr. MILNER.

Robb'd me! what does all this mean? and don't I know you Maſter Martin?—

MARTIN.

Yes, yes; that's my name, good ghoſt: So pray don't hurt me.

Mr. MILNER.

I'm aſtoniſh'd! why in ſuch a poſture? (*He puts down the light, holds out his hand, and lifts him up.*)

MARTIN (*ſtruggling firſt of all, but knowing Mr. Milner afterwards,*)

Mr. Milner, is it you? (*his features brighten*) He's gone then! is he? (*he looks round about him, ſees the ghoſt, and turns away again.*) There, there he ſtands! —the phantom! —don't you ſee him?

(*Cæſar brings the children from the cloſet. Laura and Bartholomew are frightened at the phantom; but the reſt burſt out a laughing.*)

Mr. MILNER.

Well! what ſignifies all this?

CÆSAR, (*coming forward,*)

Let me explain the whole, Papa. This phanton is your groom; and we have put him on your wig and gown.

The GROOM (*letting fall his diſguiſe,*)

Yes, Sir, 'tis I.

Mr. MILNER.

A ſorry ſort of ſport this, Cæſar!

CÆSAR.

True; but aſk the company if Maſter Martin has not well deſerv'd to be thus frighten'd. He deſign'd to frighten Laura and Bartholomew: I only wiſh'd to hinder him. Let him but ſhow the frightful maſk he has about him.

Mr. MILNER (*to Martin,*)

Is this true?

MARTIN (*giving him the maſk.*)

I can't deny it: here it is, Sir.

Mr. MILNER.

You have nothing then but what you merit.

ROSAMUND.

It was we perſuaded Miſs Viola to permit her brother might make uſe of this device to puniſh Martin.

BEATRICE.

If you knew beſides, Sir, all the other tricks he meant to play us—

Mr. MILNER.

What, Sir, is it thus then, you announce yourſelf, the firſt time you ſet foot within my doors? You have been diſreſpectful to me in the perſon of my children, who were pleas'd to think you would become their gueſt.

You have been diſreſpectful to theſe ladies, that I need not ſay you ſhould have honour'd and regarded. So be gone! Your father, when he comes to know you have been thus turn'd out of doors, will ſee how neceſſary it is to correct the vices of your heart. I will not permit your deteſtable example to corrupt my children. Go, and never let me ſee you here again! *(Martin is confounded, and withdraws.)* And you, my friends, altho' the circumſtances of the caſe may very poſſibly excuſe what you have done, yet never, for the time to come, indulge yourſelves in ſuch a ſport. The fears which children are affected with, in ſuch a tender age as your's, may poſſibly be

followed by the worſt of conſequences during their whole life. Avenge yourſelves upon the wicked only by behaving better; and remember after the example Martin has afforded you, that by intending harm to others, you will oftenest bring it down upon yourſelves.

End of VOL. IX.

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